

The History of

Prince VVell, here is my leg.

Fal. And here is my speech, stand aside Nobilitie.

Ho. O Iesu, this is excellent sport, yfaith.

Fal. VVeepe not sweet Queene, for trickling teres are vain.

Ho. O the father, how how he holds his countenance?

Fal. For Gods sake Lords, conuey my trustfull Queene.
For teares do stop the flood-gates of her eyes.

Hot. O Iesu, he doth it as like one of these harlotry players,
as euer I see.

Fal. Peace, good pint-pot, peace, good tickle braine.
Harry, I do not onely maruell where thou spendest thy time;
but also, how thou art accompanied. For though the camomil
the more it is trode on, the faster it grows: yet youth, the more
it is wasted, the sooner it weares: thou art my son, I haue partly
thy mothers word, partly my opinion, but chiefly, a villanous
trick of thine eye, and a foolish hanging of the neather lip; that
doth warrant me. If then thou bee sonne to mee, here lieth the
point: why, being sonne to me, art thou so pointed at? Shall the
blessed sonne of heauen proue a micher, and eate blacke-ber-
ries? a question not to be askt. Shall the son of England proue
a thiefe, & take purses? a question to be askt. There is a thing,
Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and it is known to ma-
ny in our land, by the name of pitch. This pitch (as ancient wri-
ters do report) doth defile: so doth the company thou keepst;
for Harry, now I do not speake to thee in drinke, but in teares;
not in pleasure, but in passion; not in words onely, but in woes
also: & yet there is a vertuous man, whom I haue often noted
in thy company, but I know not his name.

Prin. VVhat manner of man, and it like your Maiestie?

Fal. A goodly portly man yfaith, and a corpulent, of a cheer-
full look, a pleasing eie, and a most noble carriage, & as I think,
his age some fifty, or birlady, inclining to threescore, and now
I remeber me, his name is Falstaffe: if that man should be lewd-
ly giuen, he deceiues me. For Harry, I see vertue in his looks:
if then the tree may bee knowne by the fruit, as the fruit by the
tree; then peremptorily I speake it, there is vertue in that Fal-
staffe, him keepe with, the rest banish: and tell me now, thou
naughtie varlet, tell me, where hast thou bin this month?

Prince,

Henry the f

Prin. Dost thou speake like
and Ile play my father.

Fal. Depose me; if thou do
cally both in word and matter
a rabbit sucker or a Poulters f

Prin. Well, heere I am set.

Fal. And here I stand, iudge

Prince Now, Harry, when

Fal. My noble Lord, from

Prince The complaints I hea

Fal. Zbloud my Lord, they
yong Prince yfaith.

Prin. Swarest thou, vngrac-
on me, thou art violently carri-
uell haunts thee, in the likene-
is thy companion: why dost th-
humors, that boulding hutch o-
of dropsies, that huge bomban-
guts, that roasted Mannin gr-
belly, that reuerent vice, that
that vanity in yeeres, wherein
drinke it? wherein neat & clem-
wherein cunning, but in craft
wherein villanous, but in all
nothing?

Fal. I would your grace w-
meanes your grace?

Prince That villanous abho-
stafse, that old white bearded

Fal. My Lord, the man I kn

Fal. But to say, I know mo-
were to say more then I know
tie, his white haire do witness
uerence, a whoremaster, that I
a fault, God helpe the wicked
the many an old host that I kn
hated, the Pharaos lean kine a
banish Peto, banish Bardol, ba